

WOMEN Who Can Dress From Top to Toe in PEARLS



At the Dramatic Tea Where the Gould Dress of Pearls Shone So Exquisitely Was Mrs. J. B. Haggin, Whose Husband Has Showered Her With Pearls, and Who Has a \$100,000 Necklace of Them—Mrs. Newhouse and Others Own Fine Collections of These Gems.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer

THE glory of that pearl-covered gown worn by Mrs. George Gould at Mr. Martin's celebrated dramatic tea is still fresh in the memories of those who saw it.

But there are other collections of pearls owned by American women which could put even that creation in the shade. Despite all the excellent imitations, the craze for the genuine pearl is still the dominating fad among women who love costly gems.

Two or three years ago the sale of real pearls dropped off considerably. Women who abhor even the thought of an artificial jewel avoided them, for quantities of artificial pearls were flooding the markets, and few were educated enough to know the difference between the real and a good imitation. Nowadays no such objection exists.

The woman who loves pearls buys more and more of them, while the



woman who loves them and can't have the real ones indulges in good imitations and goes on eating oysters in the hope that she may some day bite into a \$100,000 pearl in the bivalve.

Mrs. Gould's gown was more subduedly gorgeous than anything that has ever been seen on the stage, except perhaps in other private theatricals in which kings occasionally indulged. The foundation of the frock was of heavy gray crepe de China, embroidered so thickly with pearls that it looked as if it were absolutely covered. On the bodice she wore the famous Gould ornaments, and round her neck her magnificent dog-collar and strands of enormous pearls, which with her emeralds are the most beautiful part of her collection of jewels.

It was a frock which did not dazzle at once, but whose value and beauty slowly grew upon the audience as they watched the little playlet of "Mrs. Van Vechten's Dance" in which Mrs. Gould appeared.

At that same tea was at least one other woman who owns enough pearls

to cover her gown from neck to hem. She is Mrs. J. B. Haggin, whose name has brought with it a shower of precious stones, for she was christened Pearl, and her husband, who adores the name, has lavished pearls of great price upon his wife in appreciation of it. Mrs. Haggin, who is close to eighty, married some years ago the beautiful Miss Pearl Vorless, of Kentucky, the niece of his first wife. He adores his beautiful young wife, whose step-grandchildren, by the way, are her cousins, and who as a joke insist on calling her grandmother. She is younger than most of them.

Last year her husband, to top her already splendid collection of gems, gave her a pearl necklace for which he paid the neat little sum of \$100,000. Three men brought it over to this country from Paris, where it was pur-

chased, guarding it night and day until it was safely delivered into the hands of Mrs. Haggin.

Besides this, she has enough ropes of pearls to cover her entire figure, together with pearl ornaments in different settings, large single pearl pendants, pearl earrings and dog collars.

Should Mrs. Haggin, who is a very beautiful woman, choose to appear as Undine at some fancy dress ball, she could put any mermaid to shame by the wealth of her pearly covering, and she would certainly create a sensation in a dress glistening with half a million dollars' worth of pearls of the purest lustre.

Mrs. William B. Leeds, the wife of the tin plate magnate, is another woman who owns a fortune in pearls. One particular necklace having cost a quarter of a million dollars. She, too, has added in every way to her collection of pearls, going in for pink and black ones, where others have preferred pure white.

Mrs. John W. Mackay has among her jewels four thousand fine pearls which include a single rope nine feet in length and worth more than \$100,000. And she is probably the only American who possesses a string of perfect and enormous black pearls, each pearl being inky black and not the brownish gray which is associated with the less valuable black pearl. Mrs. Mackay, however, seldom gives the American public a chance to admire her pearls, as she lives most of the time in England.

Mrs. Samuel Newhouse, once of Den-



ver, Col., possesses one glistening rope of pearls estimated at \$200,000. Besides that she has an entire fringe of pearls, which is an ornament or garniture for a bodice and takes the place of lace or any other trimming. The fringe is about six inches deep with a lattice work of pearls at the top.

The Duchess of Marlborough is said to have the finest collection of pearls in England. Most of these were acquired over here, and she too could dress as studded with them.

The pearls that are worked into the dresses of to-day would put to shame the gem bestrewn frocks of Queen Elizabeth which the old romancers described.

The pearls worked into these dresses were seed pearls, while the pearls which ornament the dresses of society queens to-day are of the larger size, the biggest ones having to be set particularly like a sort of button in order to be sewn on to the material.

As every one knows, pearls are subject to diseases and must be most care-

fully looked after in order to protect their lustre. A dead pearl becomes perfectly dull and is valueless as far as the jewel is concerned. Pearls take on life and lustre from being worn next to the skin, and for that reason a New York woman who has a large collection, all of which she cannot wear at one time, puts them in the care of a confidential maid and cook, who beneath the livery of black conceals several strands of priceless gems.

In this particular case the experiment works perfectly. The pearls retain and increase in lustre and the cook has not yet dropped them into the soup or run off with them. But it would ordinarily be a dangerous way to resuscitate dead jewels, for the temptation might prove too strong.

The most famous collection of pearls in the world was that of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria. Shortly before the Empress was murdered the pearls began to turn dark, or die, as it is called. She sent for a jeweller, who counselled her to put the pearls in a perforated casket and sink them into

the sea. This was done and a buoy marked the place where the casket was sunk. It was also carefully guarded. But even the water cure did not seem to revive the dying jewels, whose life seemed dependent on that of their mistress. And shortly after their mistress was murdered, casket and jewels vanished and have never been found again.

Heavenly Artillery.

THE family was gathered in the library admiring a splendid thunderstorm, when the mother be-thought herself of Nellie alone in the nursery. Fearing lest her little daughter should be awakened and feel afraid, she slipped away to reassure her. Pausing at the door, however, in a vivid flash of lightning which illumined the whole room, she saw her youngest olive branch sitting straight up in bed. Her big, brown eyes were glowing with excitement, and she clapped her chubby hands while she shouted encouragingly: "Bang it again, God! Bang it again!"

It Is a Marvel That There Is Even One Woman Left Alive in New York

She Splashes Around in the Slush in Pumps and Open-Work Stockings and Invites Pneumonia and Grip With Peek-a-Boo Waists—She'd Wear Opera Costumes at the North Pole.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



soled shoes. Until the last year or two Oxford ties in February marked the limit of feminine folly; but apparently these furnished too much protection, and now we encounter girls in pumps. This, of course, is during the day. At night even the sensible woman who has wren high, warm boots

Why are there any women alive in New York?

The only possible answer to this question is in the realization that of all weather-braving, germ-defying hardy perennials that bloom above the sod woman is the boldest and hardiest.

These slushy days, as well as the zero temperature of the past fortnight, have renewed attention to the New York woman's frantic pursuit of beauty even at the price of death.

Wading in snow or ankle deep in puddles of icy water, women shop and visit or actually go to their day's work in the laciest of openwork stockings and the thinnest of paper

before 6 P. M. puts on a pair of cobweb stockings, slips her feet into almost equally gossamer slippers and goes gayly out to the theatre or opera, walk-

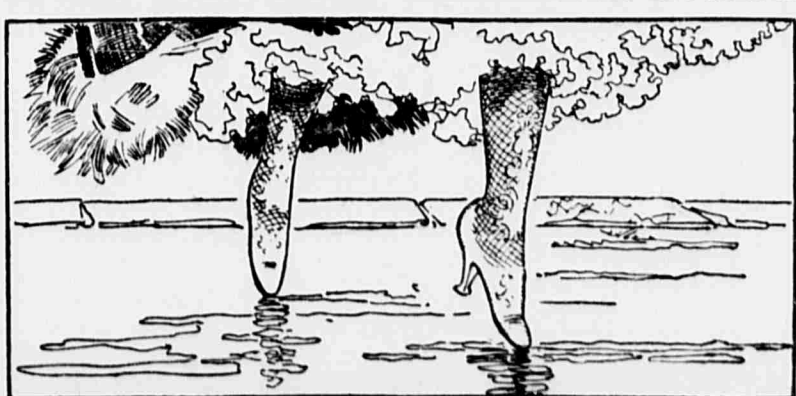


BARE HEADS

ing to and from the street cars, because she is too poor in money to hire a carriage and too poor in wit to realize that she is flirting with pneumonia every time she goes out so attired.

Perhaps if she limited her foolishness to footgear we might not be so surprised at her general immunity from the consequences of cold and exposure.

But there are many thousands of women in New York who never wear anything but the flimsiest batiste lingerie, dispensing altogether with flannels because they are unattractive. There are others who have discarded



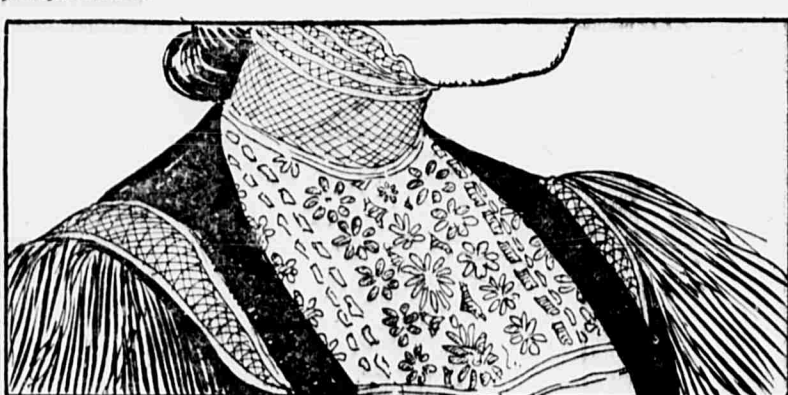
EXPOSED ANKLES

the use of all petticoats, that their hips may be of the unnatural and unlovely knife-blade narrowness prescribed by fashion.

The woman with too much respect for her lungs to wear a peek-a-boo waist in midwinter is an exception. We daily see women who have \$500 or \$1,000 worth of furs draped carelessly about their shoulders, but with their poor shivering, exposed chests showing through the interstices of a thin lace shirt waist!

Without flannels, without undershirts, with shoe soles of the consistency of blotters, the ordinary afternoon attire of feeble, protected woman would kill a prize-fighter in a week if he had to wear it.

But even this is a sane and hygienic costume compared to her evening paraphernalia.



PEEK-A-BOO WAISTS

For then, not content with leaving off her flannels, her undershirts and any protection to her feet, she discards her hat, and, with a thin evening coat over a low cut gown and nothing but a jewelled comb or a bunch of feathers in her hair, goes forth to the opera or a dance to woo whatever germs of influenza or pneumonia have withstood the lure of her afternoon appearance.

Not long ago I came down in the cars with a woman who had on a \$1,000 broadtail coat, open over a peek-a-boo waist, a princess gown guiltless of under petticoats, and bronze ties, perforated like English eyelet embroidery. She had a very bad cold and coughed so incessantly that finally she turned to me and, putting her hand up to her bronchial tubes, said:

"Really, I don't know how it happened, but I've got a terrible cold in the bronch."

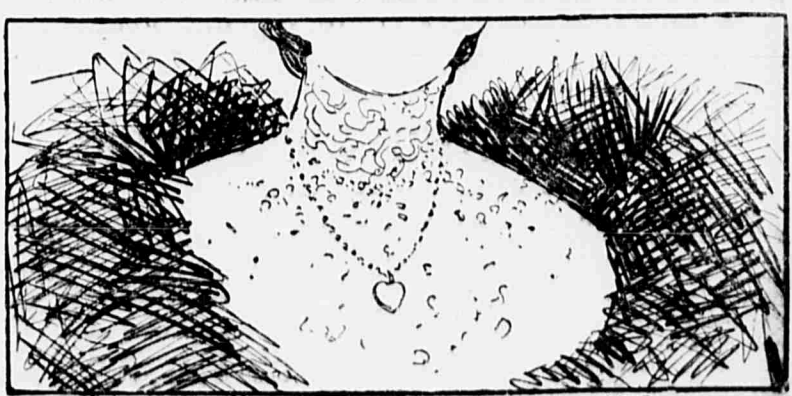
Yet in almost every item of her foolish attire I read danger—not to

And After Picking Her Petticoat-less Way Over the Ice Floes in Batiste Lingerie She Astonishes the World by Refusing to Die—She'd Pick Her Way Over Frozen Seas in Slippers.

what she as a loyal New Yorker termed her "bronx," but to her lungs and general health.

When I think of her and the thousands like her I am astonished, as I said before, that there are any women alive in New York at all.

A winter at the North Pole presents fewer terrors than a winter in



New York. For Fashion does not flourish in the Arctic zone, and even a blind follower of ridiculous and dangerous styles would there have a chance to dress sensibly and healthfully.

There are, however, women who would wear peek-a-boo waists at the Pole, or pick their way across frozen seas in perforated slippers. And the most remarkable thing of all is that some of them would live to tell the tale.